



To the Right Honourable John Barber, Esq;
Lord Mayor of London, on committing
one of my Sons to his Care.

TO the late King of Britain a Savage was brought,
Which wild in the Woods of *Germania* was caught.
This Present so princely was train'd up with Care;
And knew how to eat, and to jump, and to stare;
The *Beaux*, and the *Belles*, beheld it with Joy;
And at Court the high Mode was to see the Wild Boy

REFLECTING on this, with a politic View,
I determin'd to send such a Present to You.

In the Wilds of *Hibernia* this Boy was beset,
And caught (as the Natives are there) in a Net:

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The Creature has Sense, and, in my Eyes, is pretty,
With Talents to make a * *good Man* in the City;
Industrious, and orderly, prudent, and smart,
And not too much *Conscience*, nor too little *Art*;
Not scrup'lous, but honest, a Heart set on Gain,
Whose highest Ambition is fix'd on the *Chain*.

FROM You may he copy to wear it with Glory;
Like You, in Return — be honour'd in Story.

September 29. 1733.

* *The City-Phrase for a rich Man.*



Spoken